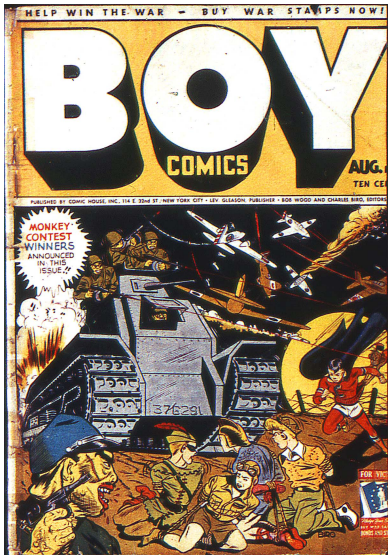
HELP WIN THE WAR — BUY WAR STAMPS NOW!
BOY
COMICS
AUG.
TEN CE
PUBLISHED BY COMIC HOUSE, INC., 114 E. 32nd ST., NEW YORK CITY • LEV. GLEASON, PUBLISHER • BOB WOOD AND CHARLIE BIRO, EDITORS
MONKEY CONTEST WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN THIS ISSUE!
37628
FOR YO
BIRO

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

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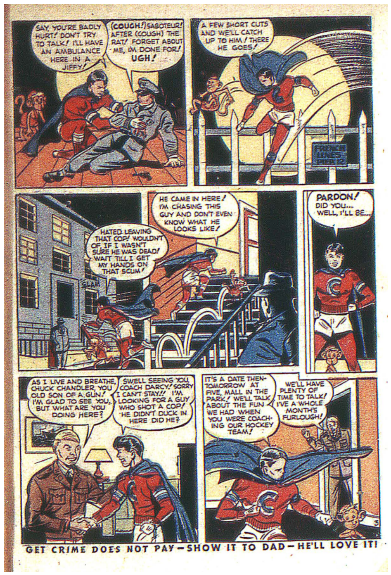
HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST CRIME COMICS YET? GET IT TODAY!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES—THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!



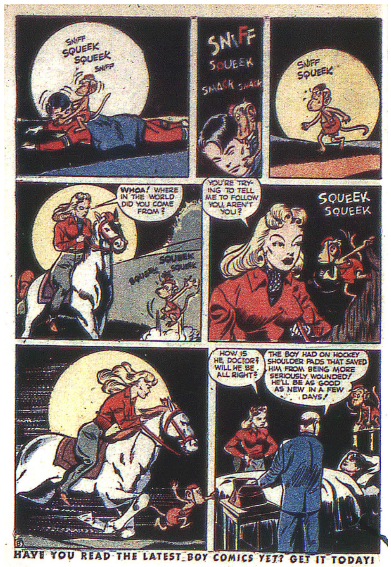
GET CRIME DOES NOT PAY—SHOW IT TO DAD—HE'LL LOVE IT!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES—THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

THAT SHIP! NEWS CAME OVER THE RADIO THAT IT WAS ON FIRE! YOU SEE THAT FIRE? I'LL GIVE YOU TILL MORNING TO GIVE YOURSELF UP! IF YOU DON'T, I'M DOING IT!
NAT CHANCE—ME LETTING HIM TURN ME IN! I'M NOT GO IN' TO ANY HOT SEAT FOR KILL IN' THAT DICK!
DARE EYE
THE NEXT DAY....
WHATCHA THINK, SQUEEKS? WE WAITED MORE THAN LONG ENOUGH! LET'S TRY HIS APARTMENT! MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT WHY HE COULDN'T MAKE IT!
BE LIKE DAREDEVIL—ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

GET CRIME DOES NOT PAY—SHOW IT TO DAD—HE'LL LOVE IT!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES—THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!



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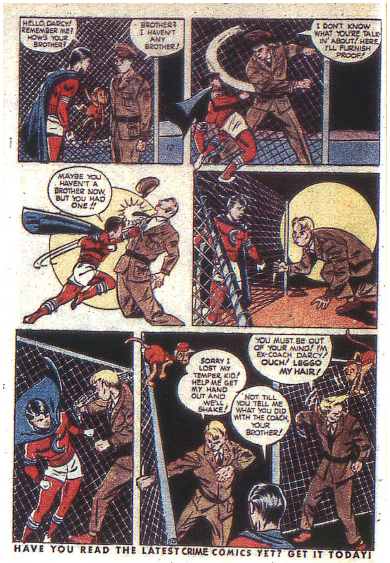

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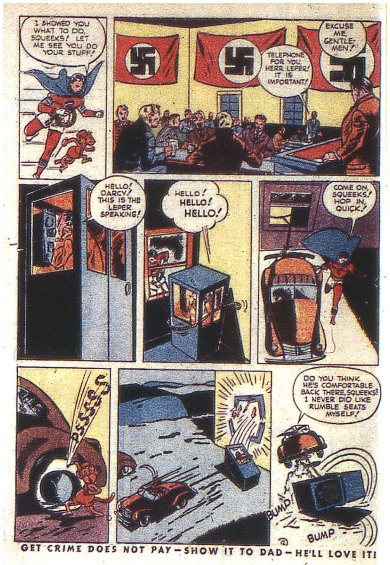

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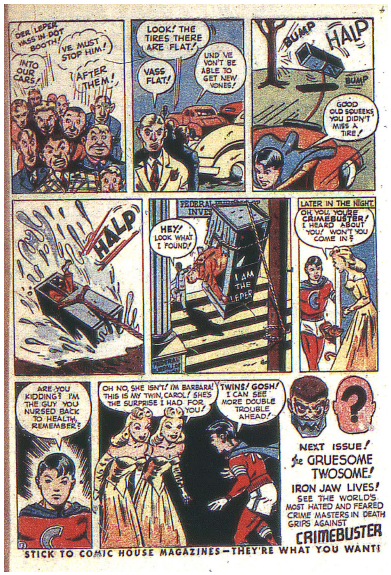

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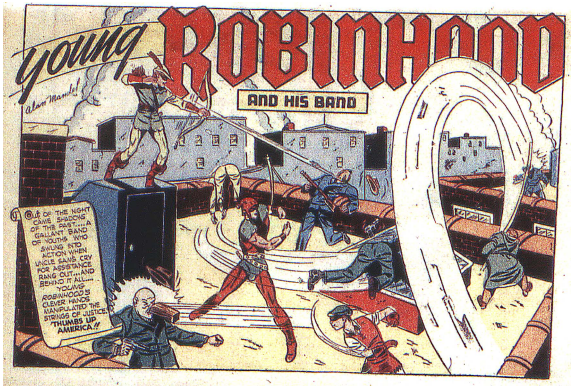
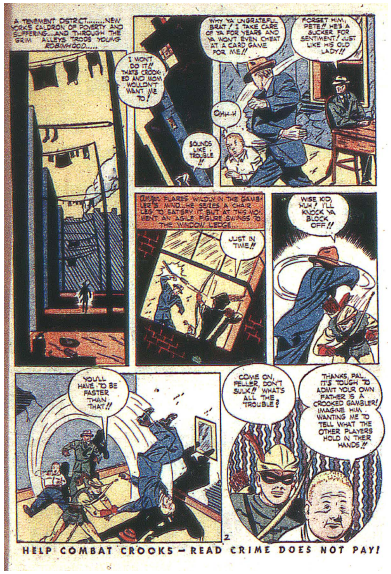
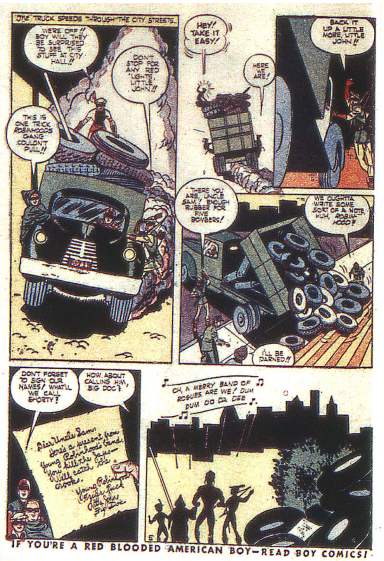

Young ROBINHOOD
AND HIS BAND
Alan Mandel
1
OF THE NIGHT CAME SWOOPING OF THE DASTARDLY GALLANT BAND OF YOUTHS WHO SAVING THEIR VICTIM FROM ACTION, WHO UNCLE SAMUEL CRY FOR ASSISTANCE RANG OUT—AND BEHIND IT ALL... YOUNG ROBINHOOD'S CLEVER HANDS MANIPULATED THE STRINGS OF JUSTICE, THUMBS UP AMERICA!!


A TENEMENT DISTRICT..... NEW YORK'S CALDRON OF POVERTY AND SUFFERING—AND THROUGH THE GRIM ALLEYS TROTS YOUNG ROBIN HOOD.....
I WON'T DO IT! THE COPS'D ID ME FOR YOU! YOU'LL HAVE TO!
WHY YA LAUGHTER-BRAT!! I TAKE CARE OF YA FOR YEARS AND YA WON'T EVEN CHEAT AT A CARD GAME FOR ME!!
FORGET HIM, PETER! HE'S A SUCKER FOR SENTIMENT LIKE HIS OLD LADY!!
OWW!!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!!
OUTSIDE PLAYERS WHO'VE IN THE SALOON LEFT A RUNNER STATIONED A CHALK-LINE ON THE SIDEWALK, SO THAT THEY WOULD BE ALERTED BY THE WINDOW-LIGHT.
JUST IN TIME!!
WISE KID, HUH? I'LL KNOCK YA PUSS OFF!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE FASTER THAN THAT!!
COME ON, PELLER! DON'T SULK! WHAT'S ALL THE TROUBLE?
THANKS, PAL. IT'S TOUGH TO ADMIT YOUR OWN FATHER IS A CROOKED GAMBLER! IMAGINE HIM WANTING ME TO TELL WHAT THE OTHER PLAYERS HOLD IN THEIR HANDS!!
2

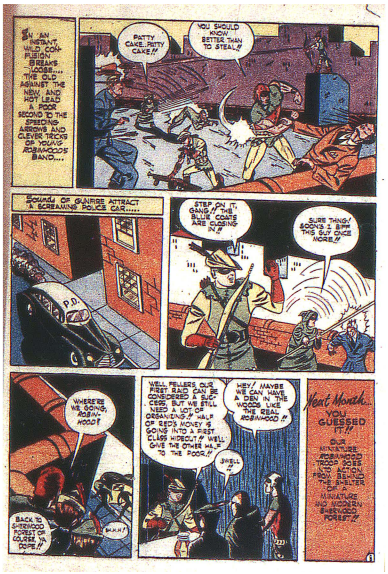
STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES—THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE GARAGE OFFICE.....
BOY, OH BOY SOME WILD 800 BUCKS FOR TWENTY MINUTES! SAYS NEATLY RAY WHEN THEY DON'T SEE EM NO MORE!
YEA, BUT THAT DOUGH IN THE SAFE!! REMEMBER, IT'S OUT THERE WHERE IT
SUDDENLY.....
WHA!!
SORRY GENTLEMEN, THAT MONEY STAYS PUT!!
FOR PETE'S SAKE!! WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?
CALL ME ROBINHOOD!! AND STAND STILL IF YOU DON'T WANT A SHAFT THROUGH YOUR NECK!
W.WE BETTER RECIP! HE CAN HANDLE THAT BOW ALL RIGHT!!
OKAY! WHAT'S THE BIG CRACK? IF THIS IS A JOKE IT AIN'T FUNNY!!
NO!! THIS IS TRUE!!
OK THIS MOMENT, A TRUNK CHARGES PAST THE OFFICE.....
OKAY ROBINHOOD!! HERE'S YOU! LET'S GO!!
YIPPEE!!
MAYBE YOU RATS WILL REALIZE THE RACKET DOESN'T PAY NOW!! SO LONG!!
?


THE TRUCK SPEEDS THROUGH THE CITY STREETS.
WE'RE OFF!! BOY, WILL THEY BE SURPRISED TO SEE US PULL UP TO CITY HALL!!
THIS IS ONE TRICK ARGANGOOR GANG COULDN'T PULL!!
DON'T STOP FOR ANY RED LIGHTS LITTLE JOHN!!
HEY! TAKE IT EASY!
HERE, JEE!
BACK IT UP A LITTLE MORE, LITTLE JOHN!!
THERE YOU ARE, UNCLE ANY! ENOUGH RUBBER FOR EVER MOVIERS!
WE OUGHTA HAVE SOME SORT OF A NOTE, KIM, AGAINST ANOTHER!!
I'LL BE DEEPENED!!
DON'T FORGET TO SEE OUR NEWEST SHEET, THE CAPTAIN SCOTT!!
HOW ABOUT CALLING HIM, BIG DOC?
Dear Uncle Sam:
Here is a message from Young Robin Hood to the Young Gangsters.
Young Robin Hood
OH, A MERRY BAND OF BOYS ARE WE! DUM DUM DO DA DEE
IF YOU'RE A RED BLOODED AMERICAN BOY—READ BOY COMICS!

IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINES TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

IF YOU'RE A RED BLOODED AMERICAN BOY—READ BOY COMICS!


IN AN INSTANT WILD CONFUSION BREAKS LOOSE... THE OLD AGAINST THE NEW AND HOT LEAD A FOOT SECOND TO THE SPEEDING AUTOS AND CLEVER TRICKS OF YOUNG ROBIN-HOOD'S BAND....
PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE!!
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO STEAL!!
SOUNDS OF SIRENS ATTRACT A SCREAMING POLICE CAR.....
P.D.
STEP ON IT, GANG! THE BLUE COATS ARE CLOSING IN!!
SLIPS THROUGH SOUND'S 1 WITH THIS BUT OUR MORE!!
WHERE'RE WE GOING, ROBIN-HOOD?
BACK TO SHERWOOD FOREST OF COURSE, YA DOPE!!
WHAM!
WELL FELLERS, OUR FIRST RAID CAN BE CONSIDERED A SUCCESS, BUT WE STILL NEED A LOT OF ORGANIZING! HALF OF SED'S MONEY IS GOING INTO A FIRST CLASS HIDEOUT! WELL GIVE THE OTHER HALF TO THE POOR!!
HEY! MAYBE WE CAN HAVE A DEN IN THE WOODS LIKE THE REAL ROBINHOOD!!
SWELL!!
Next Month...
YOU'LL GUESSED IT!!
OUR MINIATURE ROBINHOOD TROOP GOES INTO ACTION FROM BEHIND THE SHELTER OF A MINIATURE NO MODERN SHERWOOD FOREST!!

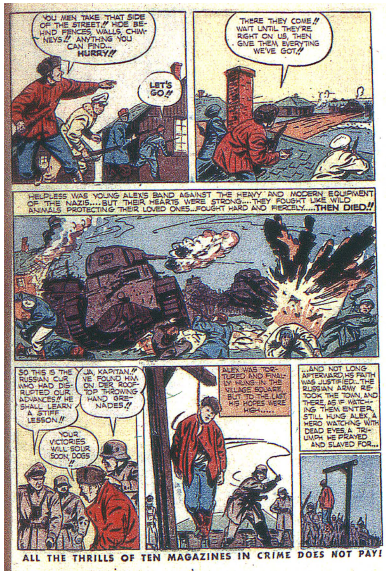
BOY COMIC'S HERO OF THE MONTH
a true story
Alexandre Tomsolin, the Russian youth who sold his life dearly that Germany's vicious Soviet thrust might be hindered—that one of the few Russians to receive the honors of Lenin, Alexandre is a pride to the entire civilized world.....
"They shall not come further! We, our blood, say and will resist—or to the last man alive!" The free people cannot be dictated to by power mad barbarians, no matter what the gods are!"

UNCEASING! ALEXANDER'S HEART BEATS FRENZIED FOR THE LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY AS THE GERMAN MILITARY MACHINE BATTERED FORWARD. HE STEPPED OUT TO MEET IT... A LONE WOLF OF THE RUSSIAN PLAINS....
THE BARBARIC DOGS! THEY DEFILE RUSSIAN SOIL WITH THEIR FOUL AMBITIONS NOW, BUT SOON THE SOVIET'S WRATH WILL HAVE THEM BEGGING FOR MERCY!
CURSE THEM, THEY SUPPLIES MUST BE GUARDED AT YOUR LIFE! WHY DO YOU THINK WE VOULD STARVE? UNDERSTAND?
JA, VOLKTAN! I GUARD DEN AS IF VOULD HITLER HIMSELF!!
BUT AS THE COLD RUSSIAN NIGHT SETS IN...
THE SWINES WANT, OUR SUPPLIES! LET THEM LEARN TO SURVIVE ITS WINTER WINDS!
OH, MEIN GOTT! DER SUPPLIES! GUARDS! QUICK, VE ARE BEING ATTACKED!!
THE ROOSE STEPPING SONS OF GERMANY SOON LEARNED TO FEAR, HATE AND RESPECT THE FEROCITY OF RUSSIA'S CLIMATE AND THE GRIM DETERMINATION OF HER COURAGEOUS YOUNGSTER WHO FOUGHT THEM SO BITTERLY....
GET CRIME DOES NOT PAY—SHOW IT TO DAD—HE'LL LOVE IT!

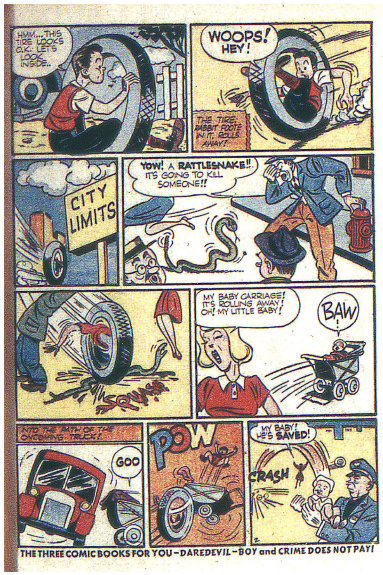
CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL AND HATES EVIL!

And SO THERE CAME TO BE A BAND OF TEN YOUNG GUERILLA FIGHTERS...TEN YOUNG WHO LET NO OBSTACLE HINDER THEIR CONSTANT HACKING AT THE NAZI'S ENTRENCHED QUARTERS....
DEATH TO THE HITLER HORRORS!!
THEIR TACTICS WERE MOST EFFECTIVE!!
...WITH THE DESPERATE STRENGTH THAT ONLY MEN FIGHTING FOR BELIEF ENCE COULD HAVE, ALBERT BAND SWEPT DOWN LIKE AN ENRAGED OCTOPUS UPON SCATTERED SECTIONS OF NAZI TROOPS....
ITS RAINY NO ENEMY SOLDIERS !!
WE ARE DOING WELL, MY FRIENDS! THE NAZIS ARE FEELING OUR BITE BADLY BUT THERE IS STILL A GREAT DEAL TO BE ACCOMPLISH AND THERE WILL BE MORE AND MORE...UNTIL THE LAST SWASTIKA LIES CRUMBLED ON GERMAN SOIL!!
HELP WIN THE WAR — BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

BUT IN SPITE OF ALEX'S HEROIC EFFORTS, THE VICIOUS NAZI THRUST WAS GAINING MOMENTUM-LIKE A ROLLING CAVALCADE OF DOOM, GERMAN MEN AND EQUIPMENT PUSHED EVER CLOSER TO MOSCOW.....
WE'RE LOSING GROUND, MEN!! MANY BLACK DAYS ARE AHEAD OF US UNTIL THE RUSSIAN ARMY CAN MUSTER STRENGTH FOR A COUNTER ATTACK!!
A NAZI TROOP IS HEADING TOWARD US NOW, ALEX!! THEY'RE ONLY TWENTY MILES OFF!!
WHAT'S THE SENSE IN SELECTING ANY LONGSHOTS, ALEX!! YOU'RE HOPELESSLY LOYAL AND YOU KNOW, TO ... LET'S DISBAND AND JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY!!
WHAT!
NEVER!! MEN FIGHTING LIKE US CAN ACCOMPLISH WONDERS AN ARMY NEVER COULD! LEAVE IF YOU WILL, BUT I'M FIGHTING ON TO MY LAST BREATH!!
YOUNG ALEX, NOW FIGHTING ON HIS NERVES AND COURAGE ALONE DECIDED TO FIGHT THE LAST STAND AGAINST THE GERMAN ARMY THAT SWEPT FORWARD.....
NOW, THE BEGGERS DOWN!!
WE'LL TEACH YOU TO RESIST A SUPERIOR PEOPLE!!
ALEX!! THE GERMANS ARE ON OUR DOORSTEPS! AN ADVANCE GUARD IS GUTTING UP THE TOWN AND ALL RUSSIAN TROOPS HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN!!
GREAT GLORY!! GET YOUR WEAPONS, MEN!!
LEV GLEASON Publisher, CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD Editors. A TEAM YOU CAN'T BEAT!


YOU MEN TAKE THAT SIDE OF THE STREET.// HIDE BEHIND FENCES, WALLS, CHIMNEYS.// ANYTHING YOU CAN FIND... HURRY.//
LET'S GO.//
THERE THEY COME.// WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE RIGHT ON US, THEN GIVE THEM, EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT.//
HELPLESS WAS YOUNG ALEX'S BAND AGAINST THE HEAVY AND MODERN EQUIPMENT OF THE NAZIS....BUT THEIR HEARTS WERE STRONG....THEY FOUGHT LIKE WILD ANIMALS PROTECTING THEIR LOVED ONES...FOUGHT HARD AND FIERCELY....THEN DIED.//
SO THIS IS THE RUSSIAN CUR, WHO HAD DISRUPTED OUR ADVANCE?// HE SHALL LEARN A STIFF LESSON.//
YOUR VICTORIES WILL BE OUR, SOON, DOES
JA, KAPITAN.// WE FOUND HIM ON DER ROOF-TOP THROWING HAND GRENADES.//
ALEX WAS TORTURED AND FINALLY HUNG IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE BUT TO THE LAST HIS HOPES WERE HIGH.....
...AND NOT LONG AFTERWARD HIS FAITH WAS JUSTIFIED.- THE RUSSIAN ARMY RETOOK THE TOWN AND THERE, AS IF WATCHING THEM ENTER, STILL HUNG ALEX.- HERO WATCHING WITH DEAD EYES A TRIUMPH HE PRAYED AND SLAVED FOR....
ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

RABBIT FOOTE
The LUCKIEST BOY in the WORLD.
NO USE GOING INTO A LOT OF DETAIL.- IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT RABBIT FOOTE, SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN, TURNED OUT TO BE THE WORLD'S LUCKIEST BOY!
FRIDAY 13
WHAT'S THAT AROUND YOUR NECK, PETER?
IT'S A LUCKY RABBIT FOOTE FOOT!
SON!-GO OUT AND SEE IF THAT TIRE I HAVE IS ALL RIGHT!
AW-OK, POP.
EVERY TIME I WANNA PLAY BALL I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING FOR POP!



THE THREE COMIC BOOKS FOR YOU – DAREDEVIL – BOY and CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

LEV GLEASON Publisher, CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD Editors. A TEAM YOU CAN'T BEAT!

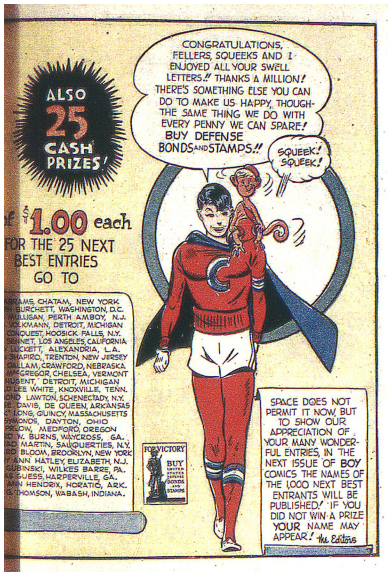
DAREDEVIL
The Fre... in Comics
THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT
GIVES YOU THE MOST SPECTACULAR ARRAY OF COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS EVER ASSEMBLED!
DICKIE DEAN, AMERICA'S FAMOUS BOY INVENTOR, AND HIS SIDE KICK, ZIP TODD.
SNIFFER— THE TOUGHEST ROUGHEST COMIC CHARACTER EVER KNOWN! HE'S IN THE ARMY NOW AND BOY, DO THINGS START POPPING!
EXTRA! EXTRA! BY POPULAR DEMAND, THIS MONTH AND EVERY MONTH HENCEFORTH, THE MIGHTY DAREDEVIL WILL APPEAR IN A DOUBLE LENGTH STORY!
THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE MANY SENSATIONAL FEATURES THAT MAKE DAREDEVIL THE STUPENDOUS COMIC MAGAZINE THAT IT IS! DON'T MISS THE ISSUE OUT NOW! IT'S THE BEST YET!
the CLAW WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN
13 and JINX!
the PIRATE PRINCE DARING ROBINWOOD OF THE SEAS!
HOUDOMINT the MYSTIC MUFFER HE'S A RIOT!

CONTEST WINNERS

Announced

BILLY MICKEY IS THE THE WINNER OF A REAL **LIVE MONKEY!**

YES! IMAGINE IT: *A REAL LIVE MONKEY!*
(THE TWIN BROTHER OF **CRIMEBUSTER'S** MONKEY)
WILL BE GIVEN TO
BILLY MICKEY
3470 LANFRANCO ST.
LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA
FOR SENDING IN THE NAME "SQUEEKS" TOGETHER WITH THE BEST LETTER!


ALSO 25 CASH PRIZES!
$1.00 each
FOR THE 25 NEXT BEST ENTRIES GO TO
AMS, CHATAM, NEW YORK
BURCHETT, WASHINGTON, D.C.
LLIGAN, PERTH AMBOY, N.J.
OLKMANN, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CONQUEST, HOOSICK FALLS, N.Y.
SBANET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
LECKETT, ALEXANDRIA, L.A.
BAURO, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY
GALLAM, CRAWFORD, NEBRASKA
MCGREGOR, CHELSEA, VERMONT
HUSENT, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
LEE WHITE, KNOXVILLE, TENN.
ORD LAWTON, SCHENECTADY, N.Y.
H. DAVIS, DE QUEEN, ARKANSAS
CLENG, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS
MONDS, DAYTON, OHIO
REGON, MEDFORD, OREGON
N. BURNS, WAYCROSS, GA.
MARTIN, SAUGERTIES, N.Y.
BLOOM, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
ANN HATLEY, ELIZABETH, N.J.
BINSKI, WILKES BARRE, PA.
GUESS, HARPERVILLE, GA.
MEN HENDRIX, HOPATIO, ARK.
THOMSON, WABASH, INDIANA.
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
CONGRATULATIONS, FELLERS, SQUEEKS AND I ENJOYED ALL YOUR SWELL LETTERS!! THANKS A MILLION! THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU CAN DO TO MAKE US HAPPY, THOUGH- THE SAME THING WE DO WITH EVERY PENNY WE CAN SPARE! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS!!
SQUEEK! SQUEEK!
SPACE DOES NOT PERMIT IT NOW, BUT TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION OF YOUR MANY WONDERFUL ENTRIES, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BOY COMICS THE NAMES OF THE 1000 NEXT BEST ENTRANTS WILL BE PUBLISHED! IF YOU DID NOT WIN A PRIZE YOUR NAME MAY APPEAR! The Editors

HELP COMBAT CROOKS — READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

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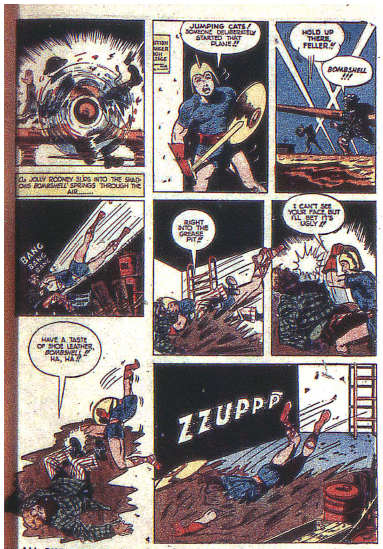
BE LIKE DAREDEVIL — ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!



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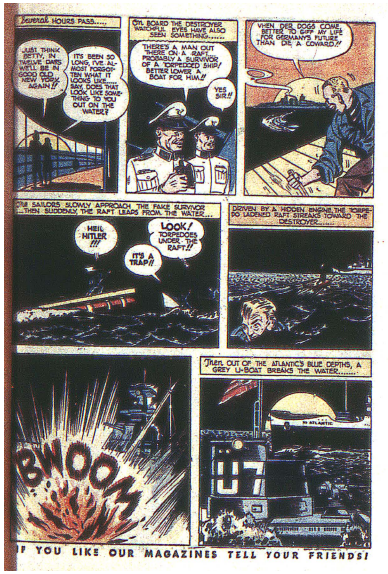
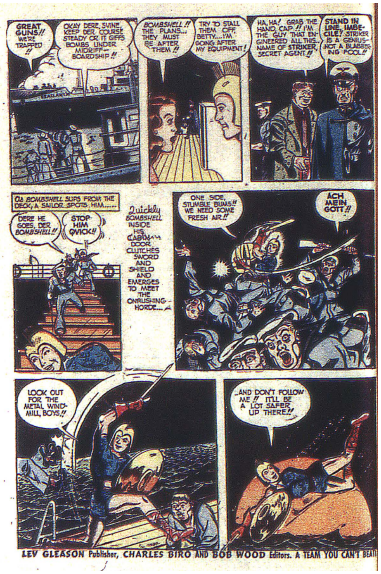

SEVERAL HOURS PASS.....
JUST THINK, BETTY, IN TWELVE DAYS WE'LL BE IN GOOD OLD NEW YORK AGAIN!!
IT'S BEEN SO LONG, I'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!
WHAT'S THAT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING TO YOU OUT ON THE WATER?
ON BOARD THE DESTROYER, WHO'LL EYES HAVE ALSO SEEN SOMETHING.....
THERE'S A MAN OUT THERE ON A RAFT! PROBABLY A SURVIVOR OF A TORPEDOED SHIP! BETTER LOWER A BOAT FOR HIM.!!
YES SIR!!
WHEN DER GOSS COMES BETTER TO GIFF MY LIFE FOR GERMANY'S FUTURE, THAN DE A COWARD.!!
THE SAILORS SLOWLY APPROACH THE FAKE SURVIVOR ...THEN SUDDENLY THE RAFT LEAPS FROM THE WATER.....
HEIL HITLER !!!!
LOOK! TORPEDOES UNDER THE RAFT!!
IT'S A TRAP!!
DRIVEN BY A HIDDEN ENGINE, THE TORPEDO LADENED RAFT STREAKS TOWARD THE DESTROYER.....
BWOOM
THEN, OUT OF THE ATLANTIC'S BLUE DEPTHS, A GREY U-BOAT BREAKS THE WATER.....
IN ATLANTIC
IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINES TELL YOUR FRIENDS!



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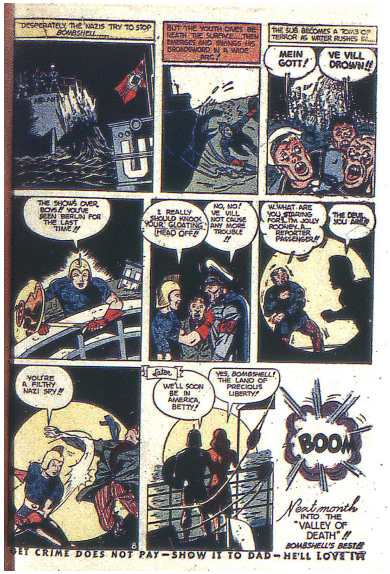

DESPERATELY THE NAZIS TRY TO STOP BOMBSHELL...
BUT THE YOUTH DIVES BENEATH THE SURFACE...THEN EMERGES AND SWINGS HIS BROADSWORD IN A WIDE ARC!
THE SUB BECOMES A "DIVE OF TERROR" AS WATER RUSHES IN...
MEIN GOTT!
VE VILL DROWN!!
THE SHOW'S OVER, BOYS! IF YOU'VE SEEN BERLIN FOR THE LAST TIME!!
I REALLY SHOULD WRECK YOUR GLOATING HEAD OFF!!
NO, NO! WE WILL NOT CAUSE YOU THE TROUBLE!!
W-WHAT ARE YOU STARING FORE?...I'M JOLLY BOMBSHELL... YOUR SUPER PASSENGER!!
THE DEVIL YOU SAID!!
YOU'RE A FILTHY NAZI SPY!!
SLAM
WE'LL SOON BE IN AMERICA, BETTY!
YES, BOMBSHELL! THE LAND OF GLORIOUS LIBERTY!
BOOM
Next month INTO THE "VALLEY OF DEATH"!! BOMBSHELL'S BEST!!
8
CRIME DOES NOT PAY—SHOW IT TO DAD—HE'LL LOVE IT!!

THE MURDER MITE

by WOODY HAMILTON

SNOOTY MORGAN WAS NOT THE KIND of a guy you could love or hate. He was much too sloppy-appearing and wise-cracking to hold anyone's affection, and far too insignificant to work up any wrath over. The two thousand or so persons who stopped at his Broadway newsstand all treated him nearly the same. Snooty would grab a paper when they approached, double it up in his dirty little fist and shove it at them before they could say a word. "Here ya are, bud!" he'd shout, "right off da press!" Then the customer would half smile as one would at a cute, stray dog and pass on. Something about the scrawny little guy just made you feel good in spite of yourself.

But this particular Saturday night, Snooty was not his usual good-natured self. His diminutive features knotted together fiercely as he frowned at the ever-present Broadway crowd. The trouble with Snooty was not indigestion or any other physical ailment. To use his own words he was plainly "fed up wid da whole racket!" After all he'd been pumping papers on Broadway for two years now and what had it got him? NOTHING! When he was a kid it had been all right. Making twelve bucks a week and watching all the big-timers going to town had been a lot of fun—but now it was different. He wasn't a kid anymore, and besides that he wanted to get married, which was about as possible on twelve bucks a week as high-jumping the Empire State building. Little Agnes was a cute number, too. Not as cute as the Broadway dolls, of course, but plenty sweet enough for him or any other guy. Yes sir! it was time Snooty Morgan went places, thought the paper-selling mite.

As the New York night closed in around Times Square, a screaming police siren sounded blocks away. Seconds later a black sedan burst into the Square and careened wildly around a safety island in front of Snooty's newsstand. With a deafening clash of steel, the car smashed over and spilled its occupants onto the street. In an instant mad confusion gripped the Times Square crowd. Women shrieked insanely as they saw the brutally mashed body of a man beneath the wreckage. Another occupant of the car crawled desperately away from the scene, while a third rushed over to Snooty Morgan's newsstand and, unnoticed by the excited people, threw himself behind the paper counter. For a moment Snooty stood there looking at him. Then he let his eyes shift to the swarm of police clustered around the car. It was obvious enough that this man was a criminal of some sort and wanted by the law. Snooty was about to call the officers over when the man on the floor spoke in a whining voice.

"Gimme a break, bud! . . . I'll'll be worth your while . . . I got dough . . . lots of it!" Snooty's ears perked up. He looked at the thug sharply. "How much?" he asked in a low voice. The thug's face burst into a hopeful frown.

"All you want, bud! a hundred, two hundred, five hundred!"

FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS! Gosh, Snooty Morgan could sure go crazy on that. But a second-hand car for himself — get Agnes a corker of an engagement ring and . . . before he could mentally spend any more of the money, an officer started shouting at him from the curb.

"Hey you! Didja see one of those killers go over your way?"

Snooty paused for a split second, then he raised his arm and pointed down the street. "Sure, he ran like the devil down that way!" lied Snooty Morgan.

It was three hours later that Snooty finally informed the thug he could come out of hiding. At this time he was informed it would be necessary to go to the "hide-out" before he could get the money promised him. Snooty told the guy to wait until he made a phone call. Then he walked to a drug-store on the corner and entered a phone booth. His hand shook a little as he put the nickel in and dialed.

"Hello, Agnes!" he said. "Dis is lovy pie! I haven't time to say much but do ya remember that engagement ring Mac the jeweler wanted to sell us for a hundred bucks? . . . Well, tell him I'll buy it now!"

Before Agnes could stop making funny noises over the phone, Snooty had said good-bye and hung up. While she was wondering what it was all about, he'd have time to cook up a good story of how he got the money.

For several blocks Snooty and his new friend slunk through the shadows. Then they paused in the shadows of a small, dark store.

"This is the place," the thug said. "I'll go in first and you follow, just so's they won't think you're a copper!"

Snooty started in after the gunman and hadn't taken three steps when fireworks started to pop. Someone built more along the lines of a gorilla than a man leaped from a side doorway and snatched Snooty off his feet as if he were a child.

"I got him, Blackie!" he shouted through the darkness. "A guy was tailing ya but I nabbed him!"

The next thing Snooty knew he was lifted up like so much sugar and sent spinning through the air into a brightly lighted room. With bone-breaking force he hit the floor and lay there for a moment stunned. Then he lifted his head and looked about him dazed. There were four men there besides the one he had come with. They all sat in chairs and gazed downward at him as if he were the most contemptible animal living. "So you thought ya could catch the Moroni gang single handed!" one of them was saying in a hard voice. "Well, you're in for a surprise, bud! a BIG surprise!"

Snooty struggled to his feet and faced Blackie.

"O.K." he said, "tell these crazy mugs who I am!"

As Blackie stood solemnly without saying a word, Snooty turned nervously to the others. "I just helped your pal out," he whined. "I wasn't gonna hurt him—I saved his life!"

Blackie moved closer to the little news dealer. "I never saw you before in my life!" he said fiercely. His arm came back and sent a ball of knuckles crashing into Snooty's face. In the next few moments the world before Snooty's eyes was filled with flying fists and blackjacks. The four gangsters took turns pounding him around the room until he collapsed in a heap. When Snooty opened his eyes he was staring straight into the barrel of an automatic. The gangster's voice behind it was hard. "This is what happens to all coppers . . . sucker, say your prayers!"

Snooty closed his eyes and waited for the gun to go off, cursing himself for trying to get something for nothing. At this moment the door burst open and a frenzied, wild-eyed thug burst in screaming frantically.

"Da cops! It's da cops! Dere coming up the staircase like flies!"

Everyone jumped at once. Blackie leaped to lock the door, the killer who was going to bump off Snooty dropped his gun and leaped for a window, and Snooty leaped for the gun. When the police broke in the door, Snooty had the gang neatly lined up against the wall. He rolled his blackened eyes toward the astonished officers.

"It's about time you got here," he said. "I couldn't hold these guys forever!"

The next day Agnes stood with Snooty behind his newspaper counter.

"I'm so proud of you," she said. "You certainly deserved the five-hundred-dollar reward for catching those killers alone!" But Snooty was too busy handing out papers to hear her. His voice rang out over Broadway:

WUXTREE! WUXTREE! NEWSBOY CAPTURES KILLERS SINGLE-HANDED — AND WINS GIRL!

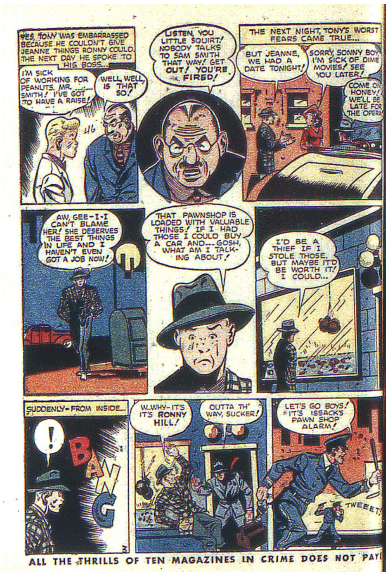
CASE #1003

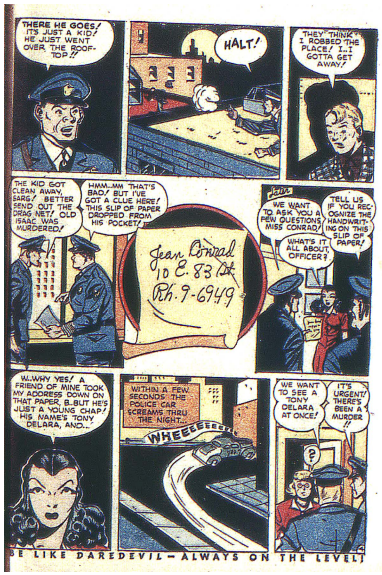
Please note:
ALL NAMES OF PERSONS AND EVENTS MENTIONED IN THIS NOVELETTE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

The case of TONY DELARA

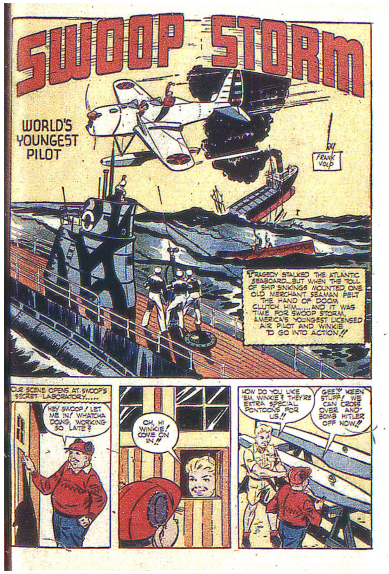
ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING DOES IN LIFE MUST HAVE A MOTIVE. IN CRIME IT IS USUALLY GREEDINESS, SOMETIMES FOR SELF SATISFACTION BUT...MORE OFTEN THAN IS GENERALLY BELIEVED, CRIME IS INSPIRED BY A WOMAN.... THIS IS JUST SUCH A CASE...THE CASE OF TONY DELARA IS BUT ONE OF MANY SIMILAR STORIES, MOST OF WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO SOME OTHER MOTIVE... TONY STARTED OUT IN LIFE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER BOY... UNTIL.....

YOU'RE A RED BLOODED AMERICAN BOY—READ BOY COMICS!


HEE, TONY WAS EMBARRASSED BECAUSE HE COULDN'T GIVE JEANNE THINGS RONNY COULD. THE NEXT DAY HE SPOKE TO HIS BOSS...
I'M SICK OF WORKING FOR PEANUTS, MR. SMITH! I'VE COME TO HAVE A RAISE!
WELL, WELL, IS THAT SO?
LISTEN, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT! NOBODY TALKS TO SAM SMITH THAT WAY! GET OUT! YOU'RE FIRED!
THE NEXT NIGHT, TONY'S WORST FEARS CAME TRUE...
BUT JEANNE, WE HAD A DATE TONIGHT!
SORRY, SONNY BOY! I'M SICK OF DIME MOVIES! SEE YOU LATER!
COME ON HONEY, WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE OPERA
AW, GEE-I-I CAN'T BLAME HER! SHE DESERVES THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE AND I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A JOB NOW!
THAT PAWNSHOP IS LOADED WITH VALUABLE THINGS! IF I HAD THOSE I COULD BUY A CAR AND—GOSH, WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT!
I'D BE A THIEF IF I STOLE THOSE, BUT MAYBE IT'D BE WORTH IT! I COULD...
SUDDENLY—FROM INSIDE...
!
BANG
W.WAH—IT'S IT'S RONNY HILL!
OUTTA TH' WAY, SUCKER!
LET'S GO BOYS! IT'S ISSACKS PAWN SHOP ALARM!
TWEEET!

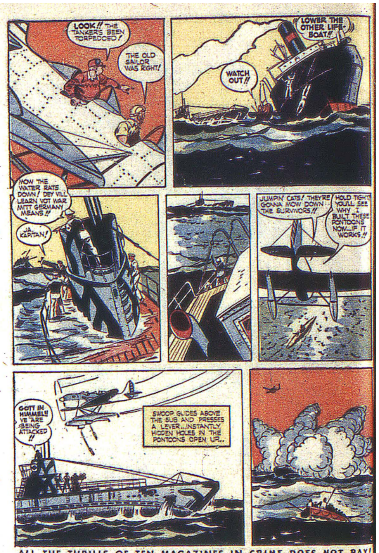

THERE HE GOES! IT'S JUST A KID! HE JUST WENT OVER THE ROOF-TOP!!
HALT!
THEY THINK I ROBBED THE PLACE! I..I GOTTA GET AWAY!
THE KID GOT CLEAN AWAY, SARG! BETTER SEND OUT THE ARM NET! OLD ISAAC WAS MURDERED!
HMM...MM THAT'S BAD! BUT I'VE GOT A CLUE HERE! THIS SLIP OF PAPER DROPPED FROM HIS POCKET!
Jean Conrad
10 E. 83 St.
Rh. 9-6949
WE WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS, MISS CORRIGO!
TELL US IF YOU RECOGNIZE THE HANDWRITING ON THIS SLIP OF PAPER!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, OFFICER?
W..WHY YES! A FRIEND OF MINE TOOK MY ADDRESS DOWN ON THAT PAPER. B..BUT HE'S JUST A YOUNG CHAP! HIS NAME'S TONY DELARA, AND...
WITHIN A FEW SECONDS THE POLICE CAR SCREAMS THRU THE NIGHT...
WHEEEEEEE!
WE WANT TO SEE A TONY DELARA AT ONCE!
IT'S URGENT! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER!!
?
E LIKE DAREDEVIL — ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

BE LIKE DAREDEVIL — ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

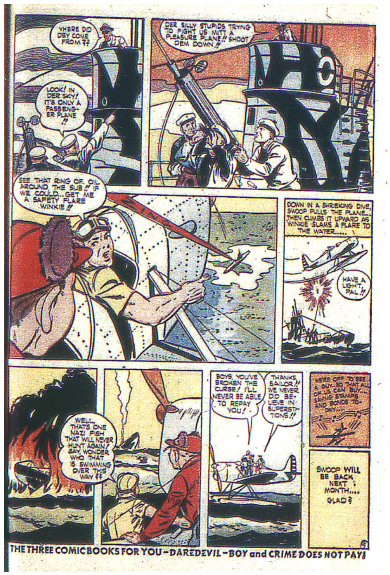

SWOOP STORM
WORLD'S YOUNGEST PILOT
BY FRANK VOLP
"FELLERS STALKED THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD...BUT WHEN THE TOLL OF SHIP SINKINGS MOUNTED ONE OLD MERCHANT SEAMAN FELT THE HAND OF DOOM CLUTCH HIM.....AND IT WAS TRUE FOR SWOOP STORM, AMERICA'S YOUNGEST LICENSED A.S. PILOT AND WHACK TO GO INTO ACTION!!"
OUR SCENE OPENS AT SWOOP'S SECRET LABORATORY.....
HEY SWOOP! LET ME IN! WHATCHA DOIN' WORKING SO LATE?
OH, HI WHACK! COME ON IN!
HOW DO YOU LIKE 'EM, WHACK? THEY'RE EXTRA SPECIAL PONTOONS FOR US!!
GREEN STUFF! WE CAN CROSS OVER AND BOMB HITLER OFF HOW!!

HELP COMBAT CROOKS — READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

HELP WIN THE WAR — BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



THE THREE COMIC BOOKS FOR YOU – DAREDEVIL – BOY and CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias

Armenia

REMEMBER the story as told by the Bible how Noah and his Ark travelled through the Great Flood and finally landed atop Mt. Ararat? According to our geography, Mt. Ararat is a mountain chain located in northern Armenia rising to a height of 17,000 feet. This snow capped mountain chain is pictured on several stamps issued in 1920 by both the Armenian National Government and the Armenian Soviet Republic which succeeded it. As we are on the topic of Armenia, let us continue and find out more about this country.

Mt. Ararat

Armenian Soviet Republic Issue

Armenian National Government Issue

Looking at the map we find Armenia to be at the place where Russia in Europe and Asia Minor come together. To be exact, to the north and east of Armenia are its sister Soviet Republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan, and to the south and west are Persia and Turkey. Regarding the history of the Armenians, historians trace their descent from Haik, a great grandson of Noah who fled the tyranny of the Babylonian kings and founded a dynasty which lasted for 1800 years. A successor to this dynasty named Armenak gave the country the name Armenia. Although the Armenians can be traced back to ancient times they never had a history of their own for they were always part of another country.

The modern history of the Armenians has been a bloody one for they have been persecuted, massacred, starved, and driven from their homes by the Turks but they survived and founded their independent government in 1920. Armenia was formed from parts of Russia, Turkey and Persia in which the population was predominantly Armenian. The independent Armenian government in 1921 joined with Georgia and Azerbaijan to form the Transcaucasian Federated Soviet Republics which were later absorbed into the Soviet Union of Republics (Russia).

The postage stamps first used by the National Government of Armenia were Russian Empire stamps overprinted with Armenian inscription or letters. A pictorial set was printed in Paris but before the entire shipment was delivered the country became a Soviet Republic and a new issue of stamps were printed the same year (1920). Since 1923 the regular stamps of Russia have been used in all the Soviet Republics.

CANAL ZONE
Panama Canal commemoratives and Kingsley with U. S. Reg. 1c, orange (1907) Scott 1c, Panama Canal Zone, Panama, Ecuador, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Uruguay, Guatemala, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Dominican Republic, Bolivia, Cuba, Canal Zone, Panama, Costa Rica, Peru, Air Force Post, etc. 25 for 10c with approvals.
POTOMAC STAMP CO.
Washington, D. C.
Dept. 9

STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK
Packet of 100 different stamps from world, 100 hinges, and a stamp album, all for 10c to new applicants for our approvals. Stamps are all different. Everything 10c to approval applicants.
MONTROSE STAMP CO. N. Y. C.

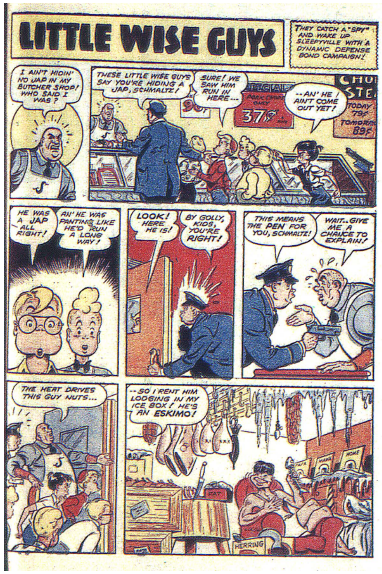
MOROCCO
Spain Protectorate on the Sahara (1931) 1c on 10c. Spanish Gun Factory on the Rifian Coast, Spanish Guinea, Spain, Spain Offices in Tangiers. Offer to 10c approval applicants.
STAMP COLLECTORS' SERVICE Dept. "C"
Sharon St., Jamaica, N. Y.

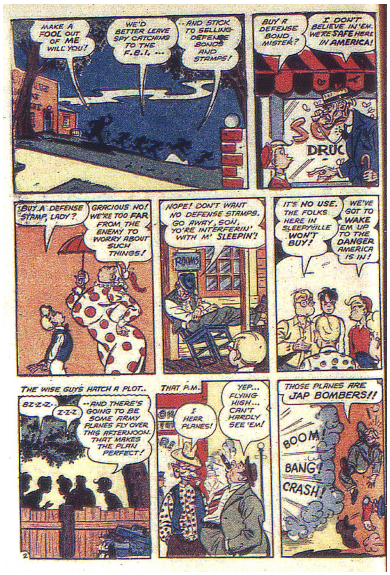
55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c
INCLUDES ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENTIAL, COMMEMORATIVE, AIR POST, PARCEL POST, SPECIAL DELIVERY, AIR MAIL, AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY, AIR MAIL PARCEL POST, ALL DIFFERENT, APPROVALS FREE WITH EVERY PURCHASE.
R. L. PORTER Hightstown, N. J.
Dept. 107 X.

POSITIVELY SENSATIONAL!
BIG PICTORIAL PACKET INCLUDES 2 BIG PICTORIALS, Tropic Trees, Elephant, Giant Tortoise, Tropic Birds, Ostrich, Lighthouse, Lake Scene, Mt. Ararat, Tiger, Lion, Bear, Deer, Elephant, Zebra, Giraffe, Camel

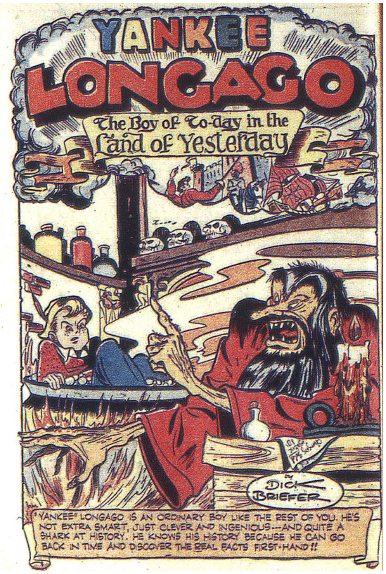
LITTLE WISE GUYS

THEY CATCH A "SPY" AND WAKE UP SLEEPYVILLE WITH A DYNAMIC DEFENSE BOND CAMPAIGN!

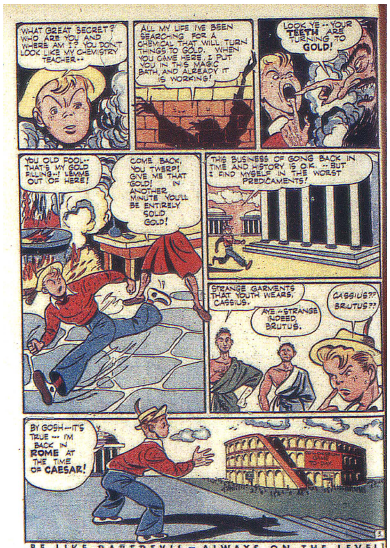



MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME WILL YOU!
HE'D BETTER LEAVE SPY CATCHING TO THE F.B.I. ...
AND STICK TO SELLING DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS!
BUY A DEFENSE BOND, MISTER?
I DON'T BELIEVE IN 'EM. WE'RE SAFE HERE IN AMERICA!
DRUG
BUT A DEFENSE STAMP, LADY?
GRACIOUS NO! WE'RE TOO FAR FROM THE ENEMY TO WORRY ABOUT SUCH THINGS!
NOPE! DON'T WANT NO DEFENSE STAMPS. GO AWAY, SON, YOU'RE INTERFERIN' WITH M' SLEEPIN'!
RING
IT'S NO USE, THE FOLKS HERE IN SLEEPVILLE WON'T BUY!
WE'VE GOT TO WAKE 'EM UP TO THE DANGER AMERICA IS IN!!
THE WISE GUYS HATCH A PLOT..
BZ-Z-Z-
ZZZZ
--AND THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME ARMY PLANES FLY OVER THIS AFTERNOON. THAT MAKES THE PLAN PERFECT!
THAT P.M.
I HEAR PLANES!
YEP... FLYING HIGH... CAN'T HARDLY SEE 'EM!
THOSE PLANES ARE JAP BOMBERS!!
BOOM
BANG!
CRASH!!

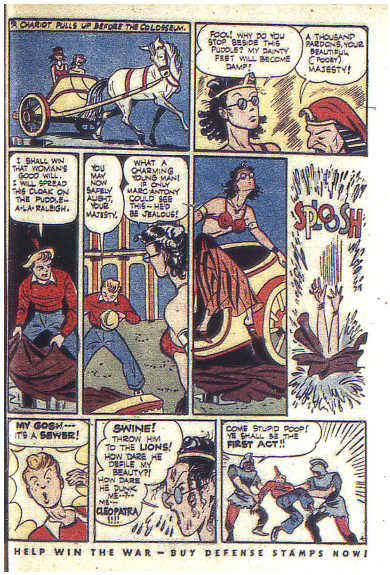
IN A VACANT LOT NEARBY...
AIR RAID!
THE NAZIS ARE HERE!
BOOM!
DIRECT HIT ON SCULLY'S JUNKYARD!
HALP!
BANG!
CHEE! IT RUBBER TIRE!
GIVE ME A GAS MASK, SOME-BODY!
GET ME AN AIR RAID SHELTER!
THEY'RE MACHINE-GUNNING US!
HALP!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG!
LATER-
THEUR-GOODNESS! THE RAID IS OVER!
DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS! STEP RIGHT THIS WAY!
I-I'LL TAKE ALL THE STAMPS YOU HAVE, B-BOYS!
GROOL
DEFENSE BONDS FOR SALE!
I'LL TAKE $50 WORTH!
PUT ME DOWN FOR $ THOUSAND!
M-ME T-TOO! I-I-I'LL HORTGAGE THE 'H-HOUSE!
QUIT SHOVIN'!
OH-OH-IT'S CLANCEY! WE'RE SUNK!
HUSSY!--YOUR OLD MEN IS A CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN!--YOU COULD HAVE--ER--"BORROWED" HIS DYNAMITE! DOOG, I KNOW YOUR DAD HID A LOT OF FIREWORKS IN THE BOOK OF HIS STORE...
SCRATT & TOWNLEY
--AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I DON'T LIKE TO BE MEAN IN FOOL OF----
ESPECIALLY BY A RAT LIKE HITLER! PUT ME DOWN FOR A COUPLE OF THEM DEFENSE BONDS!
GEE--- THANKS, CLANCEY!
THE END


YANKEE
LONGAGO
The Boy of To-day in the
Land of Yesterday
DICK BRIEFER
YANKEE LONGAGO IS AN ORDINARY BOY LIKE THE REST OF YOU. HE'S NOT EXTRA SMART, JUST CLEVER AND INGENIOUS—AND QUITE A SHARK AT HISTORY. HE KNOWS HIS HISTORY BECAUSE HE CAN GO BACK IN TIME AND DISCOVER THE REAL FACTS FIRST-HAND!!

WHEW! THAT WAS SOME WORKOUT WE GOT IN THE GYM CLASS, EH, YANKEE?
I'LL SAY! BOY--I'M (KNOCKED) OUT!
I CAN HARDLY HOLD MY EYES OPEN IN THIS CHEM CLASS. THAT WORKOUT KNOCKED ME GEFLOOIE!
LET'S SEE-- H_2SO_4--- A LITTLE HCL--- AND NACL--- HMM-- H_2SO_4 HMM--
YAWN--
YAWN
YAWN
THE FUMES FROM UNCLE YANKEE LONGBASO'S NOSTRILS-- HE IS EXHAUSTED-- HIS EYES BULGE AND IN NO TIME, HE IS ASLEEP...
WAKE UP!
I AM ALABEEZER! I AM SEARCHING FOR THE MAGIC THAT WILL TURN COMMON STUFF INTO GOLD--- GOLD! YOU MAY CALL ME 'AL' -- AL THE ALCHEMIST!
HEH HEH! AT LAST I'VE DISCOVERED THE GREAT SECRET!!
WHERE AM I?
23

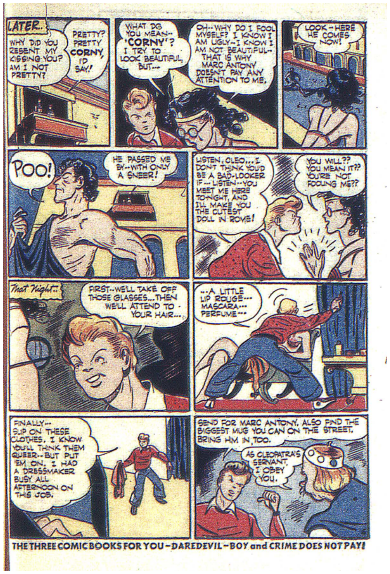


BE LIKE DAREDEVIL – ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

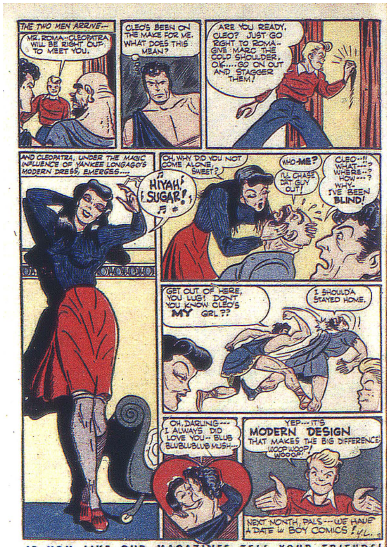


HELP WIN THE WAR — BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

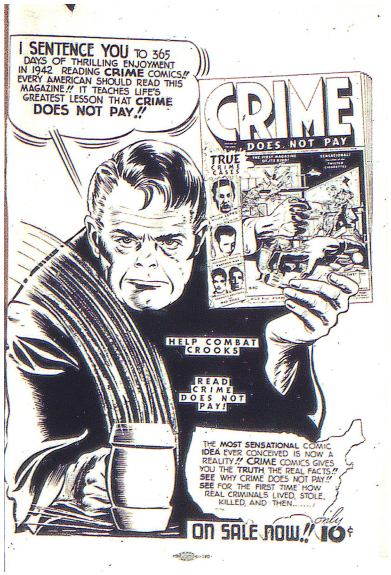
IF YOU'RE A RED BLOODED AMERICAN BOY—READ BOY COMICS!



THE THREE COMIC BOOKS FOR YOU – DAREDEVIL – BOY and CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINES TELL YOUR FRIENDS!


I SENTENCE YOU TO 365 DAYS OF THRILLING ENJOYMENT IN 1942 READING CRIME COMICS!! EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD READ THIS MAGAZINE!! IT TEACHES LIFE'S GREATEST LESSON THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!
CRIME
DOES NOT PAY
TRUE CRIME CASES
HELP COMBAT CROOKS
READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY!
THE MOST SENSATIONAL COMIC IDEA EVER CONCEIVED IS NOW A REALITY!! CRIME COMICS GIVES YOU THE TRUTH THE REAL FACTS!! SEE WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY!! SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME HOW REAL CRIMINALS LIVED, STOLE, KILLED, AND THEN.....!
ON SALE NOW!! only 10¢

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!